Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept moſt thankfully,
and ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would ſpeake with you:
Ile ſee if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhal haue old ſwearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-ſweare them to:
away, make haſt, thou knowſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
vvhen the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
and they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Creſſed* lay that night.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
did *Thiſbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere him ſelfe,
and ranne diſmayed away.

Loren. In ſuch a night
ſtoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde ſea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eſon*.

Loren. In ſuch a night

did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he loued her well,
ſtealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In ſuch a night
did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
ſlaunder her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Ieſſi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Meſſen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Meſſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
my Miſtres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, ſhe doth ſtray about
by holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Meſſ. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maiſter yet returnd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
and ceremoniouſly let vs prepare
ſome welcome for the Miſtres of the houſe. *Enter Clowne.*

Clowne. Sola, ſola: wo ha, ho ſola, ſola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo* ſola, ſola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Poſt come from my Maiſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maiſter will be heere ere morning ſweete ſoule.